

A NEW

BALLAD,

50

Call'd the

Greenwich Hunting-Match.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

GOD prosper long our noble KING,
And send him quickly o'er;
And also keep young Chevalier,
Still on the other Shore.
And thou *Apollo*, God of Wit,
Inspire me in this Case,
Teach thou my Muse for to describe
A matchlets hunting Chase.
Lurcher had singled out the Doe,
In *Drury Hundreds* bred;
From thence to *Greenwich Town* remov'd,
And for the sport there fed.
Mean while at Court Lord *Gambol* stay'd
Serving the Church contrary;
Where he new Schemes with *Wildfire* laid,
To bring in *Ave Mare*.
In three short Weeks or thereabouts,
They wou'd have done it surely:
All honest Men had been tur'd out,
And *James* brought in most purely.
But Pleasure that bewitching Ill,
Oft makes great Things miscarry:
So did it here with *Wildfire Will*,
And eke with wise Lord *Harry*.
To drive the Doe in *Wreenwich Park*.
These Statesmen took their way:
Oh *Perkin* thou hast cause to rue
The Hunting of that Day.
For Fate, that boded thee no Good,
To *Brumswick* did in-line;
And gave a Staff when they were gone,
Which spoil'd their close Design.
This Hunting Match, as some do say,
Was in the Month of *July*,
These Heroes dost their Garments gay,
Out of Good Manners truly:
Because the Doe stark naked ran,
Naked as she was born,
To take the Advantage of their Cloaths,
They held it muckle Scorn.
Thus ran these fierce twoo Footed Hounds,
Than those of Four more fell,
And with full Cry pursu'd the Doe,
As Fame doth loudly tell.
Brisk Gambol was the prittiest Dog,
For speed, and eke for Hollow,
And many Mile upon the Scent,
He eagerly did follow.
But when the panting Doe lay down,
Yielding her self to prey;
Unable he the Chase to Crown,
Another took the Say.
O *Gambol* Change this Course of Life,
No more be lew'd, and teaze:
Go Home, drink Tea with thy own Wife,
Thou'lt lost the Power to please.

